

# Ryder Corps

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Summary: (Warning: HTTYD2 Spoilers) A nineteen year old Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III revives the Berk Dragon Academy, taking Gustav as his apprentice. A year later, Hiccup now has a group of newly trained Dragon Riding warriors, and as they begin to discover the strength of the friendship that bonds Rider and Dragon, it becomes the key to protecting Berk and changing the world.

## 1. How to Train Your Apprentice

Author's Note: After disappearing off the face of this site since February, I thought it was about time I wrote some fanfics! This one is kind of different from the other HTTYD stories I've wrote since for once, this is not heavily inspired by the book series (though they do still link slightly. You'll recognize the characters when you see them). This is heavily inspired off Gustav. You know, that small kid from Gem of a Different Color. The mini Snotlout who also showed up in "The Flight Stuff". I thought Gustav wasn't getting enough love in the fandom, so I came up with this idea.

Disclaimer: I don't own How to Train Your Dragon, and that goes to all parts of it's franchise.

WARNING: HTTYD2 SPOILERS (after the first two chapters)

Without further ado, I present: Ryder Corps â€" an HTTYD fanfic.

**\*\*Chapter One: How to Train Your Apprentice\*\***

"\_No more unauthorized dragon flying."\_

That was what Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, hope and heir to the Isle of Berk, told him four years ago. Now, Gustav couldn't care less. In fact, he had lost count of how many times he had broken that rule. Gustav Larson had always admired his dragon riding idols,

Hiccup and Snotlout, and the older he became, the more annoyed he was at how they never let him officially join the Academy. After all, being made junior-apprentice-auxiliary-reserve-back-up-replacement-rider-in-training-4th-class was pretty lame. So Hiccup had told him to set his dragon free. All Gustav did was add that to the list of orders he disobeyed from the young heir.

Was it wrong that Gustav loved the feeling in the air as well? Sure, he started dragon flying because he wanted to be just like his heroes, but over time, the freedom of the sky grew on him, and Gustav was beginning to think that he was becoming as attached to the sensation as Hiccup.

The sea stacks proved to be quite a challenge, since the perfect combination of concentration and skill was needed. Flying at high speeds, one little moment of hesitation will be all one needs to send them and their dragon stumbling into the sea.

"Woohoo!" Gustav cheered as he lurched his dragon to the side of a pillar of rocks, the claws of his Monstrous Nightmare gently sharpening themselves along the face of stone. If anything, Fanghook thought of this as an automated service. The dragon took a peek at his rider as Gustav took them through an incredibly narrow slit between two stacks, forcing them to turn vertically to avoid crashing. Gustav could feel the slight scratching of his helmet, but he couldn't care less.

The pair broke free of the opening and sprung out into the skies. Gustav pulled on Fanghook's horns, and the dragon tilted upwards, rocketing up towards the clouds. He stopped suddenly, allowing gravity to pull them down before spreading out his wings and regaining their attitude.

Gustav patted the Monstrous Nightmare on the neck. "That was pretty good," he admitted. It was then that the boy spotted a sliver of rock connecting two columns, and Fanghook eyed Gustav suspiciously.

"Come on, boy. Let's try something new."

Lowering Fanghook's altitude to align with the bridge of stone, they flew right towards it without even the slightest hint of slowing down. Fanghook snorted, as if asking Gustav what was it that he was trying to do. Just as they approached, Gustav lifted his feet free from their stirrups, placing them onto the saddle.

His heart pounded. Was he nervous? A little. The bridge was three seconds away. \_Okay, I'm very nervous, \_Gustav admitted. Before giving anything any second thoughts, Gustav leaped off his dragon, the momentum and speed carrying him straight over the rocks. There was a moment of sheer weightlessness, an instant of absolute exhilaration and liberation.

Then it all came down in a flurry of purple as Gustav clumsily landed back on his dragon. His foot wasn't able to catch and keep his balance, and the strength of Fanghook flying forward sent Gustav tumbling backwards along the Monstrous Nightmare's back. Fanghook shrieked once he realized that his rider wasn't securely on board.

"Whoa!" Gustav reached out and gripped the very edge of Fanghook's tail. His clutch held, and Gustav flailed along with the tail. Fanghook turned to face his rider clinging onto him and snorted once again. Gustav let out a sheepish laugh. "Sorry about that, boy. We'll need to work on that."

\_We're still not as good as him and Toothless. I've got to train more.\_

From the ground below, Gustav and Fanghook's antics caught the eye of a certain village blacksmith who lacked a hand and had an additional peg leg. Gobber watched as the dragon and rider pair zipped past him, going for another lap around the island. He then hobbled back into his workshop, finding a late teenage boy at the desk. Toothless watched his rider with great interest as the Hope and Heir to the Isle of Berk had a tip of his charcoal pencil at his chin.

"You know what would be great, Toothless?" Hiccup questioned, his eyes lighting up with excitement, "if I could fly alongside you! Think about it. I could make myself some kind of flight suit. Then, you and me. We'll be able to soar through the skies together. How would you like that, bud?"

For his answer, the Night Fury slapped a slimy tongue onto Hiccup's face. The young viking recoiled, toppling out of his chair as he tried to push his dragon away. "Toothless! How many times do I have to tell you that it doesn't wash out!" Hiccup slipped away from the tongue and sat up on the floor of the forge, wiping dragon spit off his face.

"Well, it seems like you two are having fun," Gobber commented as he headed towards the wall of his many contraptions. He replaced his current prosthetic for one more worthy of working in the blacksmith, a device that would be able to help him hold onto metal when heat treating swords.

Hiccup stood up from his position, saying in his usual sarcastic manner, "Yep, getting Night Fury saliva off my face. I'm having the time of my life." As Hiccup noticed Gobber gazing at all the appendages of his arm, he spoke up. "Want me to turn that into a wheel?"

"If you think you're up for it," the blacksmith replied. He then turned to the dark furnace and groaned in complaint. "Hiccup! You're supposed to keep the forge burning by reminding Grump to keep the forge burning! I'm going to have you both fired one of these days." The Hotburple didn't so much as lift an eyelid as he went back to his nap.

"How threatening," Hiccup grumbled. He then took his seat once again at the desk but before he could get onto designing anything. Gobber called his name.

"To be honest, I was wondering whatever happened to the Berk Dragon Academy. You and your friends have been rather silent about it lately."

A wave of nostalgia hit Hiccup and he smiled. "The Academy? That was just me playing teacher and the others playing Dragon Trainer. We've all grown out of it, I guess. All they're focused on now are the new

Dragon Races."

"And you're going out there and mapping strange islands while ignoring your job as my assistant!" The blacksmith flailed his prosthetic around as he spoke. Gobber paused for a moment before continuing. "Why don't you revive the Academy? I'm sure there are still plenty of others out there who are willing to learn Dragon Training."

"What is there to learn?" Hiccup asked, shrugging his shoulders and patting Toothless' head. "Pretty much everyone on the island has their own dragon and knows how to handle them perfectly fine."

Gobber raised an eyebrow. "What about those who want to do more than teach them how to play fetch? You know, those who want to go out and look for new dragon species as much as you do, and train those wild dragons you kept going after or who wants to do more than just fancy riding tricks, but learn to use it for combat. Those who want to spend their free time running from Changewings and keeping anymore Screaming Deaths off our island."

Hiccup chuckled slightly. "I don't think there's anyone."

The blacksmith sighed. "You know that Gustav kid?"

"You mean tiny Snotlout?" replied Hiccup. "How could I not? He used to worship Snotlout, followed him around like a lackey. He even wanted to be a..." Hiccup paused for a moment. "He wanted to join the Academy so badly four years ago."

"I think he still does," said Gobber. "He's been training on that Monstrous Nightmare of his every day. You've really never noticed?"

"We pass him once and a while. I've always assumed that he was just going for a morning flight. I didn't think he was actually training," Hiccup admitted. "I thought he would have grown out of it."

Gobber cleared his throat. "The boy looks up to you as an idol, Hiccup. He's even around your age when you first met Toothless now. And he's a viking."

"I see where you're going with this."

"Take him on as your apprentice," said Gobber. "The boy wants more than feeding dragon nip to stable dragons. You're the one who can teach him what he needs to learn to be an expert dragon trainer."

Hiccup eyed his mentor suspiciously. "And you're not going to be complaining about how I'm not around for work?"

"Eh," said Gobber, waving an arm. "I'll give you a leave of absence." He blacksmith waited for boy's response. Grinning, Hiccup threw his leg over Toothless' saddle, his prosthetic clicking into place. Within seconds, the pair was off the ground and up in the sky.

[illegible]

€"â€"â€"

By late morning, Fanghook's claws touched down on the stone floors of the arena known as the Berk Dragon Academy. Gustav came down here every morning just to think about the thrill of being a Dragon Trainer going out on adventures. The same fantasies swirled around his mind as he slipped off his dragon. "We're going to have to work on that jump and land trick, buddy," said Gustav. "Hiccup and Toothless pulled it off when Hiccup was fifteen. That means I have one year to-"

"To what, Gustav?" a voice asked out of nowhere. Confused, the boy turned around. To his surprise, Hiccup was there with his back against the arena's walls with Toothless curled up beside him. "You playing in here again?"

"No! Of course not!" Gustav hurriedly answered, suddenly nervous. Perhaps Hiccup finally caught him not cleaning up the dragon stables for the past four years. Or was he finally going to get busted for not following his orders to set Fanghook free?

Berk's young heir pushed off the wall and strode up to Gustav, with Toothless in tow. Gustav gulped as Hiccup approached. Both of them had grown, but Hiccup was still much taller. It reminded Gustav of how different their appearance, and skills, were. To his astonishment, Hiccup didn't give him a scolding as he usually would when he caught Gustav playing in the arena years ago. Instead, the heir said, "Gustav, how about I promote you from junior-apprentice-auxiliary-reserve-back-up-replacement-rider-in-training-4th-class, to Dragon Training Apprentice - First Class?"

Gustav's eyes light up immediately. "Really?" He sounded breathless, completely taken away by excitement.

"That's right. I'm taking you on as my apprentice," Hiccup clarified. "From this day on, I'm going to pound into you everything I've learned about Dragons. We're reviving the Berk Dragon Academy."

"Yes!" Gustav cheered as he pumped a fist in the air. "You have no idea how excited I am, Hiccup. Don't worry. I won't let you down! Fanghook and I are in tip top shape!" As if on cue, the Monstrous Nightmare flopped onto the ground, suddenly seemingly tired from their morning flight. Gustav flashed his new instructor a sheepish grin.

"I think we can hit pause on your flying and riding skills for a while," said Hiccup. "Now, let me guess. In the past couple of years, all you've done is taken Fanghook out for rides completely ignored the other aspects of being a dragon trainer."

Gustav gave Hiccup an aloof scoff, followed by an arm movement, waving him off. "Of course not. I've been working on the other skills of dragon training."

"Gustav..." Hiccup began, accusingly. Gustav even could've sworn that Toothless was wearing a smug expression behind his rider.

"Yes," the boy point-blanked, hanging his head dejectedly. Hiccup

then patted his new apprentice on the back. "Don't worry about it too much. If you already knew everything there is to know, there's no point in me teaching you anything, right?"

"Right," Gustav agreed. He then brightened as his new mentor called for their first lesson at the stables.

"Come on," said Hiccup, turning towards the entrance of the arena.  
"Let's begin your  
training."

[illegible]

"So tell me again why am I giving Fanghook a bath?" Gustav was clearly unamused as he heaved the giant brush against the rough, scaly skin of his own dragon in front of him. The Monstrous Nightmare shifted into a more comfortable position before giving a huff of content. Gustav turned to Hiccup, an annoyed expression on his face.

"First tip of the day, Gustav," said the elder Dragon Rider. "A happy dragon is an exfoliated dragon." Toothless popped up behind the young heir, and Hiccup proceeded to give his dragon a scratch around the ears. "Just so you know, I have to give Toothless a bath from time to time too."

Gustav simply rolled his eyes before scrubbing back and forth. The weight of the cleaning brush on his hands was much heavier than he thought. He's going to have to give the stable boys some more credit. "Like cleaning dead scales off a dragon is going to do much," he muttered.

"Well you want to be a dragon trainer don't you?" said Hiccup, turning away from Toothless. "There's a lot more to it than just riding. You're going to have to get the more practical stuff down too."

"That's fine and all," Gustav replied. "But when do I get to go out and map new islands like you?"

"Whoa there. Let's not get ahead of yourself. There's still a lot of training for you to go through. For now, I want three dragons washed up by the end of the day."

As Hiccup turned to walk away, Gustav caught the clinking sound of the heir's prosthetic foot fading into the background. Once he made sure that Hiccup was gone, masked by the noise of squawking dragons, he stopped scrubbing. His eyes started looking around the stalls for Hume, one of the boys who constantly worked at the stable.

"You know what they say," Gustav murmured to Fanghook. "Work smarter, not harder."

Hiccup's voice cut the air out of nowhere. "Just so you know, I gave all the stable vikings a day off today!"

"Aw fudge buckets," groaned Gustav. Fanghook meanwhile, made a slight clicking noise, earning his rider's attention. The Monstrous Nightmare had a smug grin on his face, taunting the boy, as if

telling him to go back to cleaning. Gustav narrowed his gaze and said, "Don't get too comfortable."

Gustav didn't get to go on another ride on Fanghook for serious training until a week afterwards, when Hiccup dragged them into the forest for low level evasive maneuvers. Admittedly, Gustav found that the trees and branches, cluttered everywhere, were much more erratic and random than he could ever hope the sea stacks to be. He often couldn't react in time at the speed Fanghook was going, and the duo found themselves smacking into trees several times. No matter how hard Gustav concentrated, he couldn't stop him and his dragon from crashing into trunks.

"Communication between dragon and rider goes both ways," Hiccup eventually told him once he was sure that Gustav definitely had enough of logs. "Not only must the dragon follow the rider's lead, but the rider must listen to the dragon as well. Try letting Fanghook do the steering."

And so Gustav allowed his dragon to drive them through the course. While the Monstrous Nightmare did unexpectedly toss him in the air and caught him once, Gustav found it surprising that they didn't run into as many obstacles as they did before. A few days later and they could easily go through the track without any head or minor collisions.

Hiccup's next assignment had Gustav train a Terrible Terror in 48 hours, and to see what kind of tricks could the boy have the little dragon perform. He stayed up late, he barely ate during meals, worrying his mother, but Gustav spent all of his time with the Terror. When he showed off the small dragon's skills at bringing in a pile of fresh Icelandic cod and the ability to shoot at a few targets, Gustav had to admit he was very proud. But the look of disapproval on Hiccup's face crushed the confidence immediately.

"Sorry, Gustav," he said. "But you did not pass this assignment."

"What, why?" Gustav immediately questioned, growing anxious. "But I taught the Terror well! Look! He can even latch himself onto my arm and won't let go!" To prove his point, the Terror froze solid with it's jaws locked around the boy's elbow and Gustav attempted to hide his wince of pain.

"You're forgetting something." Hiccup then gestured his head towards the back of the arena. Gustav turned and found Fanghook curled up in the corner, a forlorn expression on him. A small huff of smoke rose up from his nostrils as Fanghook breathed out a small spit of flame in a feeble try to entertain himself.

The weight of his actions suddenly rained on Gustav. "Oh," he murmured.

"You've been so focused on the Terror that you ignored your own dragon," Hiccup explained in a very sincere tone. "Fishlegs once fell into the same trap. I've got to make sure that you're not going to make the same mistake. The bond you share with your dragon is greater than anything. Remember that."

The younger viking sighed as he pried the Terrible Terror off his

arm.

\_I've got a lot I need to learn.\_

Gustav nodded. "I will."

[illegible]

The first two chapters will be HTTYD2 spoiler free. From chapter three onwards, it's spoilers. Spoilers everywhere. You my friend, have been warned.

Coming up next:

Chapter Two " A New Age Part I: The New Riders

Thank you for checking out this story! As always, it is very much appreciated. If you're interested in reading my original writing work, they're up on a website named "Publish Your Mind", which is a site for teens to publish their stories and writing work. My current story is entitled "Soulstrings", where people Search for the missing fragment of their souls in an epic quest. Feel free to search "Publish Your Mind" on Google, or head to my profile page for the link!

## 2. A New Age Part I: The New Riders

Chapter two, here we go. Cue time-skip! Okay, I lied, SPOILERS START THIS CHAPTER, since I decided to change the pacing so that the next chapter won't be crazily long.

Also, WARNING: THERE IS ALSO A SPOILER IN THE NEXT CHAPTER TITLE, so don't scroll down to the bottom either.

Enjoy.

**\*\*Chapter Two: A New Age Part I - The New Riders\*\***

The cheers were ear-piercing.

"Get them, Astrid!"

"Go, Iron Gronckle!"

"Blow them up!"

"Snotlout, Snotlout, OI OI OI!"

"GO HICCUP!"

The last scream was added by a fifteen year old Gustav Larson. He leaped up on the bleachers, along with a crowd of Berkians as a flurry of black shot by. Gustav raced to the edge, leaning over the railing to get a closer look. Hiccup and Toothless curved around the island, closely followed by his girlfriend's blue Deadly Nadder. Fishlegs, Snotlout and the twins were not far behind.



Dragon Racing was one of the newer additions to the idyllic Isle of Berk, and since dragons had moved in a couple years back, it was only a matter of time before the villagers found a way to integrate two of some of their favorite things: dragons and betting. Hiccup and Toothless received the majority of the votes. Of course, being inseparable best friends and the best dragon-rider pair, many thought they were a shoo in to win. Though, they did have competition, and the duo had already lost a few rounds of the races. Many of them went to Astrid, who was the most adapt at dragon riding after Hiccup. Many had also begun to place bets on the Thorsten twins, as it seems that both Fishlegs and Snotlout was supporting them, and the twins are climbing up the charts.

Naturally, Gustav had never bet on anyone else aside from Hiccup, mostly because Toothless would trip him with his tail if Gustav ever bet otherwise. His friends however, didn't have the same to fear from the Night Fury. Callyn had always assumed that Hiccup and Toothless would win.

"Given the amount of experience they have and the strength of their relationship, I wouldn't expect the outcome to be anything else," she always said. Gustav turned to face her as she stood next to him on the bleachers.

"Oh screw the bets," Pwyll would groan in return. "I'm just here for the dragons."

"But Pwyll," said Gustav, "there's dragons everywhere on the island."

"You know what I mean!"

Gustav laughed as he went back to watching the race. The racers had swerved, heading right into the dragon stables that were attached to the face of a cliff near the village plaza. They momentarily disappeared from sight.

"Well that's just great," muttered Pwyll. "This is always the least interesting bit of the laps."

Callyn crossed her arms. "On the other hand, Hume gets the front row seat."

"Front row seats, my ass."

Hume Thordis was having the time of his life dragging in a giant fish basket along the ground. The smell of the sea crawled it's way up into his nostrils, with a hint of a scent of dragon droppings. He pulled with his back, and began to feel a light aching in his lower spine. Dropping the basket handles, Hume stretched and was met with a satisfying series of pops from his bones. Hume bent down, ready to resume his hauling, when a dragon shadow catches his attention.

Lifting up his head, Hume caught sight of the Night Fury jetting by. Stormfly was gaining on Toothless' tail, and Hume worried that for once, Hiccup would lose a game of Dragon Racing. Rumors went around that Astrid still had Stormfly on a special diet, and the Nadder's speed only increased over time.

As if sensing Hume's thoughts, Hiccup turned around on his saddle, a smirk lining his face at the sight of his girlfriend close behind.

"Give it up, Hiccup!" Astrid called. "This game's mine!"

"Would you like to try, milady?"

The sound of a low bellowing horn echoed in the stables, rumbling throughout the village and resonating into the ears of all dragons and riders. Hiccup and Toothless traveled with the ripples of sound out of the stable. There was an uproar from the spectators.

"Oh would you look at that," Hiccup mused. "Time for the black sheep already."

Astrid tapped Stormfly. "Oh no, you don't!" The Deadly Nadder flicked her tail upwards, a flurry of spikes raining towards Hiccup. The boy pulled to the side, bringing Toothless into a corkscrew for a brief moment. Hiccup lowered his head.

"Let's go get that sheep, bud."

Toothless shot forward, pushing ahead of Astrid and the others. She grunted and urged Stormfly to go faster. Within seconds, the black sheep was catapulted into the air.

"There!"

Astrid tugged on Stormfly's saddle, the Nadder changing direction and picking up speed. Astrid closed in on the sheep just as it was beginning to drop. A dash of red flew by her suddenly, leaving Astrid with the sensation of heat. Snotlout whooped as Hookfang held out his talons and snatched the sheep right out of the air.

"Snotlout!" Astrid shrieked.

Snotlout simply guffawed loudly as Hookfang tossed up the black sheep into his hands. One arm around the poor animal and the other on his dragon's horns, Snotlout felt his instinct tug him. He ducked, and the flailing tail of a Gronckle whipped over his head.

"Get lost, Fishlegs!" Snotlout growled.

"No way! That black sheep is mine!"

With a nudge to the stomach, Snotlout turned Hookfang to face Fishlegs and Meatlug behind them. The Monstrous Nightmare breathed out a ball of fire before turning to the side and with a flap of its wings, sent the flames hurtling towards Meatlug. Gasping, Fishlegs brought him and his dragon into a sharp dive. Once the fireball had passed by harmlessly, Fishlegs looked up to Snotlout, who was now far ahead.

Fishlegs sighed. "So much for catching up." He then patted Meatlug on the head. "Oh well, girl. There's always next time."

Snotlout brought Hookfang upwards, meeting up with a Hideous Zippleback above the village. Barf and Belch prepared to fire when Tuffnut held his dragon back. "Hold on there, Belch. We're getting a

delivery. Not that I appreciate the messenger."

Angling his helmet, Snotlout gave Ruffnut a flirty glance. "Here you go, Princess. One black sheep, just as you ordered."

"Aw yeah!" Ruffnut cheered. Holding the sheep in both hands, Snotlout hurled it upwards. The sheep bleated as it suspended mid air. Ruffnut held out her arms, ready for the catch.

There was a high pitch screech, and Snotlout realized what was happening a split second before it was too late. "Oh no."

Toothless shot up like a comet from below, cutting right in between Hookfang and Barf and Belch. At the dragon's sudden appearance, Snotlout and the twins recoiled on instinct. The Night Fury's flight pattern arc slightly as Hiccup reached out and grabbed the black sheep.

"Whoo!" he whooped. Toothless headed straight for the goals. With the bridge coming into view, Toothless turned upside down. Hiccup felt his hair dangle downwards as it was pulled by gravity, and thrust the sheep into his labeled net.

The crowd exploded.

Stoick stood up proudly from his spot on the Chief bleachers. "Hiccup takes the game!" He laughed whole heartedly. "That's my son: the pride of Berk!"

Fists and hands pumped into the hair as the Berkians celebrated Hiccup's victory.

Gobber then had to shout above the crowd, "That's all for today, folks! We'll meet again in three days for one final race!"

Soon enough, the audience began to disband, going back to their homes to resume their duties. Gustav stayed at the bleachers with his friends, watching as Hiccup and Toothless approached from the air.

"You won again," said Gustav. "Not that it wasn't anticipated."

"Sweet moves, Hiccup," Pwyll commented. "You think you can teach us some of that stuff too?" Pwyll was the second to be selected by Hiccup to take part in the revived Berk Dragon Academy. He was usually too busy with his jobs with Bucket and Mulch that he didn't really have time for a large riding dragon and kept a Terrible Terror as a pet. The moment he learned that he would be taking on official Dragon Training lessons, Pwyll spent the first weeks looking for his own Scauldron that he keeps in an aquatic stable near his home.

"Hey, I do lose sometimes and you guys can pick up some tricks on your own too. Who knows, maybe you'll come up with things I've never thought about," Hiccup added, ruffling Gustav's helmet.

Callyn nodded. "Well technically, the possibilities are endless."

Hiccup smiled. "Go grab Hume and your dragons. We've got a few days until the next race, so I want to head out. Even you, Pwyll. Just because your dragon can't fly doesn't mean-"

"I leave it back here on Berk," Pwyll finished. "I know, I know. I don't leave Neal caged up all day. And you taught us all that lesson, Hiccup."

"Ah, the Terrible Terrors," mused Callyn. "Those where the days."

Hiccup didn't suppress a laugh at his little group of trainees. "Alright, come on. What we're doing tonight is an exercise that was thought up by Astrid, so it's really going to test your skills as Dragon Trainers in Training."

"Oooo," said Gustav. "I wonder what it's going to be."

[illegible]

" AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH "

The screams echoed in the forests on the east side of Dragon Island as a trio of teenagers stumbled on their feet. Turning his head around, Gustav was met with a Monstrous Nightmare huffing a torrent of flames right at his feet. He pushed against Hume's back.

"Go, go, go!" he urged.

"This is as fast as we go!" Hume yelled. "Pwyll, move your butt!"

"Says the guy who accidentally spooked the dragon from Hel?!" Pwyll shrieked in return as he pushed forward through the trees. He violently brushed away a group of branches in his path. "How did Hiccup manage to deal with rampaging Monstrous Nightmares?"

"He didn't!" Gustav replied. "Whenever Hookfang went crazy, Toothless is there to bail him out!"

"Oh that's just great," Hume groaned. "Where are we going to get ourselves a Night Fury?"

Pwyll scoffed. "Forget a Night Fury. Let's just get one of our own dragons!"

The boys lurched around a tree, but the Monstrous Nightmare continued to give chase. It's fangs snapped shut a hair behind Gustav's back. Out of fear, he plummeted forward anyway, tumbling into the other two boys as they fell out of a grove of trees. Gustav quickly lifted himself back to his feet, and found himself looking face to face with the bright amber Stoker Class dragon.

"This thing is the most lethal dragon in the known world. And you ride one of them," he told himself. "You can handle this guy."

The Monstrous Nightmare inched closer, and Gustav didn't move. His friends starting getting back up to their feet. Gustav held out a

hand to them. "Don't move, guys." He then brought his hand forward, carefully and gradually setting his palm against the dragon's snout. Gustav felt his skin burn for a moment. His other hand snaked into a pocket and brought out a handful of green grass: dragon nip. Upon noticing it, the Nightmare's pupils dilated, and Gustav realized that the dragon had stopped burning it's scales. It had calmed down. The boy let out a breath of relief.

"Jeez, Gustav," said Pwyll. "You could have done that earlier instead of screaming like a little girl."

Gustav shot Pwyll an annoyed glare. "Come on, Hiccup's waiting for us back at the cave." So the boys continued their stroll down Dragon Island, careful to be as silent as possible. But silence doesn't always work, and it doesn't need to, when you're riding on the back of a Monstrous Nightmare. Once the cave was in sight, the dragon lowered itself to the ground, and the boys hopped off. Gustav gave the dragon a wave as it disappeared back into the woods.

"Race you!" cried Hume suddenly, sprinting for the gaping hole in the mountain. Gustav and Pwyll hurriedly went after him. The moment they reached the mouth of the cave, the boys were met with a sleeping Toothless, Callyn next to Cambire, her Changewing with a baby Gronckle in her hands as Hiccup had his sword activated in front of a Deadly Nadder. The dragon followed the flames on Hiccup's blade with it's eyes. He turned to notice the boys and extinguished Inferno. Fanghook perked his head up at the sight of his rider. But Rourke the Thunderdrum merely huffed out another snore, much to Hume's annoyance.

"You boys sure took your time," said Hiccup. "Callyn got here much faster than all three of you."

Pwyll eyed the telescope blade in Hiccup's hand. "Well maybe we'd all be expert dragon trainers if we had our own flaming swords."

[illegible]

Gustav flipped onto his back in his bed, his eyes staring at the ceiling. Yesterday was the final Dragon Race of the season, but Hiccup and Toothless were nowhere to be seen, as if they had disappeared off the face of the planet. He remembered standing near the Chief's bleachers and straining his ears, barely managed to make out what Gobber and Stoick were talking about.

"Scared him off with the big talk now, didn't you, Stoick?" the blacksmith teased. Gustav furrowed his brows at the thought. \_What big talk? What happened between the Chief and Hiccup?\_ \_

Even stranger, Gustav heard that Hiccup returned later that day at the village plaza, but was gone again even before he had the chance to say even a small greeting. What's more, the Isle of Berk is officially under lock down by Stoick's orders. No dragon is to get off the island until he gave the word. Fanghook was forced to be kept in the Academy that night, as were his friend's dragons. Stoick wanted to keep them separated, fearing that they would go on unauthorized flights, but the Chief himself left to go after Hiccup. Gustav could easily keep Fanghook beside him. But something stopped

him.

Rumors were being whispered around the village of Drago Bludvist and his dragon army. Some say Hiccup went off to confront him. The island was preparing for war. If Drago was collecting dragons, then Gustav would prefer it if Fanghook was away from the village, all the way at the Academy where the chances of anyone finding them were slimmer. The Academy itself was even fortified. It wouldn't be easy for anyone to get in, and the dragons had fully stocked supplies.

Something snapped him right out of his thoughts. There was the sound of people yelling, screaming and gasping, as well as crashing noises. Gustav slowly lifted himself out of bed, confirming that he wasn't hearing things. There was a loud bump from the house next door.

"Where are you going?" a voice yelled. "Come back here!"

\_What's going on? \_

Gustav leaped out of bed and rushed to the door. He swung it open violently, and was met with a horrendous sight. The people were gathered in the plaza, and they looked up at a dragon the size of a mountain. It was dull gray with streaks of red and massive tusks, stained with blood. Each had a giant shackle clamped on. And the dragon was closing in on the island. A swarm of dragons left the village plaza, flying towards the giant approaching dragon. Gustav caught sight of one of the dragon's eyes: completely slitted.

His heart ran cold. \_Fanghook\_.

Instinctively, Gustav turned and bolted down the village, across the bridge over to a cliff stationed away from the village. His feet thumped against the wooden bridge to the Academy. The sun had begun to crawl up from below the horizon, and as he stood at the Academy entrance, Gustav noticed that there was another dragon that was flying stationary in front of the massive dragon. It was a person riding on a pitch black dragon.

Pitch black?

"Toothless?" Gustav breathed. His mind was completely jumbled, lost as to what was happening. He quickly made his way into the arena where he found that his friends had already gathered. Callyn stood in front of Cambire's cage, stroking him slightly on the snout. Her other hand still held the baby Gronckle she brought back with her from Dragon Island.

Hume was in front of Neal's cage. The dragon was starting to rattle's it's gate, pushing forward and Hume threw his back against the doors, trying to keep it shut. Assisting him was Pwyll, and the pair grunted with effort.

"What's happening?" Gustav asked.

"We don't know!" Callyn replied. "The dragons started acting weird, so I came to the Academy to check on Cambire." She nodded her head towards the Changewing. "Little Kalv here wasn't affected so I brought him with me."

"I'll tell you what's going on," puffed Hume. "Every single dragon on the island is going crazy!"

Gustav turned his gaze to Pwyll, who stared at the giant dragon approaching the island with eyes seething with anger. "It took him. It took Neal. It took my dragon."

"What?"

"It's like it has the ability to control them. Every dragon on the island is gathering around that giant beast."

Gustav rushed over to Fanghook's pen. The Monstrous Nightmare rammed it's head into the doors, frustrated that it wasn't able to get out. He noticed Gustav standing in front of him, and roared.

"Fanghook!" Gustav shouted. "It's me! What's wrong with you?" He noticed Fanghook's eyes: pupils small as slits. He's being influenced as well. Panicking Gustav placed his hand on Fanghook's snout. "Just calm down! I'm right here!"

For a moment, the dragon froze. Fanghook's eyes then softened, and he lowered his head to Gustav. The boy took a deep breath in.

A loud rumble shook the skies, followed by a scream that traveled through the air, all the way from the village. Gustav whipped his head around and sprinted to the entrance of the Academy, all the way to the edge of the cliffs, the rest of his friends scuffling to join Gustav at the ledge. A towering spike of ice had buried itself into the center of the village.

"What the Hel..." Pwyll breathed. "That thing breathes ice?!"

"Where's Hiccup?" asked Hume. "He could take on that giant dragon with Toothless."

"But Toothless is right there," said Gustav, pointing towards the Bewilderbeast, "and someone else is riding him. Something happened."

"What are we going to do?" Callyn said, breathlessly. "Hiccup and Toothless are the only ones capable of going against giant dragons. None of the elder dragon riders are around, and Stoick and Gobber are gone too. There's no one left to protect Berk."

No, \_Gustav thought, \_that's not right.\_

"It's got to be us," he declared, his voice resolute. "Come on, guys. We were trained by Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, the greatest dragon rider and dragon trainer in the entire world! He's trained us so that we can use our dragons to protect Berk. And that's what we're going to do."

[illegible]

Yes, Pwyll, Callyn and Hume are my OCs. So are their dragons. I do reuse dragon names, so please take note of that. I know that there is

going to be a short being released with the DVD/Blu-ray release of HTTYD2 that talks about Dragon Racing. So... this has no references to that whatsoever.

I have warned you from the beginning: SPOILERS.

Chapter Three - A New Age Part II: The New Alphas

End  
file.